

Suehunter: Early Days

by Master Noble

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Summary: The work of a Suehunter is very dangerous. Sue's have been popping up across the fandom in increased amounts every day. The Director thinks this is just a bloom. I disagree. This is war. These are the Early Days.

1. Prologue

So, I actually got time to write this. Big surprise. Anyway, time to start the Suehuntery goodness.

...

Twelve Sue's. Seriously. Twelve of the world destroying priority level 3 Sues. Plus, there were five level 2 Sues going to be arriving any second now, and the level 1 Sue coming within the hour.

Its times like this you really want your mother.

Make that eleven Sues. Good Author, this stealth thing really works. The Sues are too busy focusing on the small army of Scarab's that had been bought to slow them down, and none of them had seen him. The assassin with a bone to pick with these Sues. One that had actually been in the presence of a level 1 Sue and had escaped with his lives. But not all of his limbs. One arm had been torn off, and a leg had been sliced of, one millimetre at a time.

It was, as you can imagine, very painful. Thank Author for that limb regeneration injection. Amusingly, it had been a Sue who had invented the serum needed for limb regeneration. One the assassin had captured himself. He always tried to take them alive. Use their powers for the greater good.

Of course, he didn't have much choice with the ten remaining level 3 Sues.

Things were going so well. At the rate of Sue death against Scarab

destruction, there would be about forty two thousand of the initial fifty thousand left to deal with the stronger Sues arriving.

Not that it mattered. Nothing short of wiping the entire surrounding it could wipe out a level 1 Sue. Ebony [Or was it Enoby?] had proven that. The fandom still fears that it wasn't enough to stop that Sue.

Confused, dear reader? Of course you are. I shall explain all. How the fandom is a plane of reality where fanfiction's happen, what exactly the assassin is doing in this situation, and, most importantly, why there is Halo tech in the battle, despite the fact that the battle was happening in the Twilight fandom. [Or is it Hatedom?] It all started, roughly three years ago, in the Halo Fandom...

[And yes, I am aware of how clichÃ©d it is to do a prologue set just before the finale battle. I'm doing it anyway. 'Cause I can]

2. Arrival

Okay, Mary Sue hunter fanfic writing time.

Just a little help, guys... I don't browse everything on , so if you know what works have lots of Suefics...

Just to clear one thing up: Halo related stuff will be everywhere, but think of it as a Massive Multiplayer Crossover. There will be Harry Potter, Twilight [Hatedom references], Hunger Games, Dragon Age, some other stuff and whatever you suggest. So, please, suggest.

Now onto the story.

...

"Ladies and gentlemen, you have volunteered for the fandom's elite service."

The pelican flew over the base. It was majestic. As if someone had taken Hawaii, added some sparkles to the beach and put a plot barrier around the boundaries.

"This may look like a vacation spot, but no place in fandom is more heavily guarded."

Several Phantoms cloaked into invisibility in the distance. A Super-carrier overhead did the same.

"The work of a Suehunter is very dangerous."

The Pelican approached the island at the end, the smallest one.

"Sue's have been popping up across the fandom in increased amounts every day."

The main base of UGSH [United Games SueHunters] was in the Halo fandom. It was home to the Director [Third most powerful man in

fandom], the UGSH main training facility [Although there are minor ones in the Mass Effect and Dragon Age fandom's...], and was built over a Reality mine.

Oh, yes, right, you lot are naive lesser beings, from the self-claimed "Real World." Basic run down. All those fanfictions you write to amuse and entertain others? They're real. They happen. Every character that dies, that's a real person/animal/thing. Murderer. Anyway, the plane of reality we live on is called "The Fandom." We actually have the adventures you write. Once the story is completed [or is abandoned permanently], the "Canon Avatars" get the memories of their representations in those fanfics.

There is nothing more fun than watching Master Chief and Cortana blushing after they get the memories of a Master Chief/Cortana Lemon fic. They've used up the legal amount of brain bleach for a year. Speaking of which, anyone who deals in the Black Market, Cortana is willing to pay big time for some brain bleach.

"The Director thinks this is just a bloom. I disagree."

Oh, right, the story. Anyway, the recruits felt the Pelican land. The five of them stood up. One of them would not make it through training. One would die early on. And one would become the greatest hero that the fandom has ever seen.

ClichÃ©d enough for you?

"This is war."

War brings out the best and worst of people. The recruits reflected that. Our recruits showed both during the war.

"These are the Early Days."

Hey! That's the name of this Fanfiction!

Anyway, the pelican halted. The five recruits came out.

We had James, your typical black cop seen in media who swears too much and smokes cigars. Now, do you think he'll be the blow-stuff up guy or the ninja dude?

We had Taylor, dubbed "The Chick" by fans. Athletic and smart, but absentminded, and most likely to wander into a trap. Your everyday Cloudcockoolander.

Then we had Athena. Someone named after a Greek goddess. Predictably, she's incredibly smart. A genius. Also ten years old. This is the reason she is not known as "The Chick."

Next, we had Rotiart. A little cowardly, but extremely balanced. Second smartest, after Athena, second best shot, after James. Second best at everything.

Finally, we have our hero for the fanfic. An 18 year old boy. Seriously, why is every single main character below the age of twenty in fantasy stories, such as The Belgariad, Eragon, stuff like that.

Anyway, our hero is the important one. A sneak, really. Couldn't take more than a few hits in a proper fight. Also a bit out of shape. Volunteering for the Suehunter service was an impulse. Deathly afraid of trivial things. Needles, heights, all that stuff. But not dark, oddly enough. I asked him about this once. His reply was "What can Dark do that Light can't?"

Always logical like that. He wasn't one to make the "Good" choice if it wasn't the "Smart choice." He'll gladly help defend a location, as long as there was a chance it could be defended, and if it was worth defending. If he had the choice between saving a city filled with over a million people and preventing the Sue's from destroying [Or capturing] a super weapon that would let us beat them, He'd choose super weapon.

He got results. He obeyed orders, as long as they made sense.

His name was Virula.

Odd name, I know, I believe it's a combination of a few Latin words. Or some other ancient language. Don't ask what his parents were thinking.

Anyway, that just about covers up the recruits arrival to the base. Next, to start their training.

3. First impressions

Hey guys. Please leave reviews telling me what you think of the story.

By the way, the story is rated M for a reason. Swearing, violence, all that stuff.

Disclaimer: I do not own clichÃ©'s.

...

"Explain again why the ten year old girl has the highest IQ rating."

Everyone looked at Rotiart. The only one to complain, despite having the second highest score in the IQ test. Can I say Token Evil Teammate?

"Photographic memory." Replied Athena, with a strong British accent.

Taylor looked shocked. "Did- Did you just give a plausible real answer to why you're a genius? You're not going to say that you're a real goddess that looks young, or that you hold the ancient gemstone of flippity-flop-kadoo that grants wisdom?"

Athena stared at her. "You're a walking clichÃ©."

"Says the ten year old genius with glasses."

James snapped. "Shut up! Just shut. The fuck. Up. We've been told to wait in a room with no clear exits other than the door, which is

fucking locked. UGSH is fucking borderline evil corporation, so anyone with half a fucking brain can work out that this is a _FUCKING TRAP!_ Another fucking test. See if we're fucking smart enough to get out before they fucking gas the room or something."

"If they gas us," Started Athena, "I'd suggest you put out the cigar."

"Plus," Chimed in Taylor. "They're not going to gas us. Didn't you notice the poisonous insect swarm just waiting to come in and kill us?"

It's surprising how fast the team started working on an escape plan.

"Hey, idiots."

Everyone looked around for a bit. Athena was the only one with enough brains to look up. Virula was looking down on them from the other side of a secret trapdoor he had opened.

"Did you seriously think they'd let us have a break? This is a Suehunter group. Their vacation plan is 'Death.' What kind of idiot and/or nine year old girl just enters the incredibly obvious trap without scouting the area?"

"I'm ten, actually."

"Did you notice the insects, the ladder to the roof of this building, or the rope that I'm considering using to get you out of there?"

"Point taken."

Athena tried to pull herself up the rope. Key word here being tried.

"Wow." Said Rotiart. "Looks like little miss genius isn't so perfect."

He winced as she kicked him between the legs. Taylor chuckled as she climbed up the rope. As she went up, she noticed a button on the roof, right next to the trapdoor. As she climbed through this trapdoor, she pressed it.

A gravity lift appeared directly beneath the trapdoor.

"That's needlessly convenient." Noted Athena. Virula sneezed.

Before long, all the recruits were out of the room.

"Nice work." Said a voice. The group spun, and saw a grunt.

"Name's Mapmup."

"Hello." Greeted Athena.

"Fucking grunts." Muttered James.

"Now, I've seen your medical files..."

"When?" Asked Virula.

"No questions yet, please. Now, I'll just tell you what your medical files say, despite the fact that you already know what they say."

A random elite teleported in. "Here's the lampshade you requested." Virula sneezed.

"Just hang it anywhere." Replied Mapmup. He then looked at his files. "Athena, you may have photographic memory, but according to your files, you have slow reflexes, poor physical strength and ADD."

"That's a pretty lampshade..."

"Exactly."

Rotiart snorted. Big mistake.

"You, Rotiart, your file say's that you have a eating disorder- which explains the weight- and have arachnophobia."

Athena paid more attention to Mapmup now, but her attention was wandering. Good thing she can remember pretty much everything. Virula sneezed.

"James, you have two artificial limbs and a missing eye. Also, you seem to have xenophobia."

"Bite me."

"Taylor, you have ADHD, you're scared of clowns and, as a result of... what happened ten years ago, you tend to hate being touched."

James decided to mock. "Also flat chested."

Taylor, as it turns out, can also deliver an armour piercing slap.

"Shit! What the fuck? That fucking hurt, you bitch."

Mapmup ignored them. Virula sneezed.

"Virula, you are slightly overweight, physically weak, and have a fear of heights, needles, large amounts of blood and being killed. You also have a cold, but due to advanced alien technology, we have an injection that can get you over that."

A hunter walked in. With a giant needle instead of a plasma cannon.

"NOT WITH THAT YOUR NOT!"

Everyone stared at Virula. He had suddenly teleported [almost] to the other side of the room, picking up anything that could be used as a weapon, looking for a way out.

"Baby." Accused Mapmup. "Afraid of a little prick?"

"Yeah, you scare me."

Mapmup decided to go the harsher way. "Hold him down."

Several brutes walked in and pinned him to the wall.

"I'm not having the needle. It's almost twice my size."

"You have no choice."

"Yes, I do. I can use the grenade that I swiped from this brute to blow you up."

There was a pause.

"...You're bluffing." Said Rotiart.

"No way could you swipe a grenade off one of those." Noted Athena.

"These monkeys are dumber than nails. It's easy to steal the weapon they have on their belts, which my hand has been near for the last minute or so."

"Shit." Swore James. "He's fucking right. Dumb shits have less brains than grunts."

Mapmup pulled a giant hammer out of no-where and hit James. James swore.

"Alright, cry-baby, you don't need the injection."

Virula sneezed.

"Alright, you lazy lot, time for obstacle courses. Move out!"

As one, the recruits did so. Virula sneezed. Again.

...

There. Done.

Also, I told you it was M rated for a reason. Next chapter: Obstacle course. Followed by the ritual beating the crap out of bad guys/training teachers. Also, may introduce the bad guy soon.

4. Obstacle Course

Please. Someone. Review.

...

Okay, I'm trying to write a story, and some idiot keeps writing words in some language I can't understand at the top of each chapter. Maybe the translator can fix that up, when this gets released to the general public...

Oh, right, the characters.

Anyway, the trainee's had just arrived at the obstacle course.

It started out with a small cliff to climb. Then, there were several platforms, suspended above the ground, which needed to be climbed on- although how they were going to do this was a mystery, seeing as the platforms were three metres off the ground- to get to the next obstacle.

After this, there was a wooden plank going across a river.

A shark infested river.

Did I mention the termites?

Finally, there was a running course, littered with obstacles that needed to be jumped over, ducked or avoided.

Did I mention the five hunters placed on the field, which they would have to overpower?

Mapmup looked at the trainee's.

"Go already." He commanded. They obeyed.

As you can imagine, Athena and Rotiart- being ten years old and overweight- were doing terrible with the climbing. By the time they were halfway up, Taylor the swift and James of the two artificial limbs were at the top.

Virula had stopped halfway through, due to his paralysing fear of heights. Go figure.

"Virula, do you require assistance?" Asked Athena.

"No. I just... need to..."

Mapmup looked at them, annoyed.

"Did I mention that this place is set to explode in ten minutes?" He asked.

That got them moving.

By this time, Taylor had got past the platform, while James was silently fighting a hunter on top of the cliff.

Wait, silently? That's not right. I've known James for years, and he never. Shuts. Up.

Taylor must've terrified him earlier. Remind me to thank her later.

Anyway, once Virula, Athena and Rotiart finally made it to the top- seriously, what's so hard about that climb? I did it in about thirty seconds! - Rotiart just grabbed the platform and climbed up. He was, after all, at least two-and-a-half metres tall, and had long arms. Athena, being smaller than this, couldn't reach the platform, and Virula almost pulled himself up, but slipped and fell.

Yeah. Obviously, he sucks. Remind me how he's the hero again?

Oh. Right. Anyway...

Progress report: Taylor was fighting a Hunter near the river. She was getting her ass kicked.

James had been shoved into the river by Rotiart, who was determined to finish first.

Rotiart was fighting a Hunter on the wooden plank across the river.

Virula was boosting Athena onto the platform. Seriously, ten year olds make great manipulators. One 'please' and one look could grant them control of a planet.

...Not that I know how to do that.

Of course, Athena was wise enough to know that Virula would only do this if he got something out of it. So once she was up, she helped him up.

Hey, what do you know, they make a good team.

By this stage, the termites had eaten most of the plank. James had just cheated and swam across the river. Turns out, just because you have sharks, doesn't mean they'll eat humans.

Rotiart was still getting his ass kicked, until Virula knocked the Hunter into the river. Being the gracious person he is, Rotiart then shoved Virula in the river.

The more I hear about him, the less I regret what happened last summer.

Taylor was an absolute machine on the obstacle course. The Hunter she had beaten earlier ended up falling into the river.

Athena was about halfway through the river when her glasses fell off.

Yeah, see, the universe of fandom operates on lots of fun little bonus laws of physics that you don't have to worry about. Rule of Cool, the awesome thing will always happen. Rule of Funny, the funny thing will always happen. Most importantly, Murphy's Law. If there is anything that can go wrong, it will go wrong, at the worst possible time.

Actually, you should take steps to prevent that last one in your world, too. [This helpful tip has been brought to you be The Girl with many Names]

I know what you're thinking right now: What has an obstacle course got to do with Sue hunting? Well, knowing how to do an obstacle course can save your life from a soon-to-be-Mary Sue.

Well, Taylor finished the course first, with three minutes to spare. James followed shortly afterwards.

Rotiart was struggling on the last leg of the course. He had been slowed from a mildly fast jog to a figurative crawl.

Virula was leading Athena to the exit. Seriously, for someone so smart, you'd think she'd know to get a little something called "Contact lenses." Unfortunately, the Idiot Ball is also a law of fandom physics.

Anyway, this caused problems: Athena was meant to beat the crap out of a Hunter before leaving. The now half-blind Athena. Virula didn't have to worry; he had technically beaten the Hunter by the river that was curb-stomping Rotiart.

By this stage, Rotiart was beating one of the two remaining Hunters. He may have lucked out on the small area where he had to dodge to avoid sharks, but this place was more open.

Mapmup started following the trainee's on the course, and ended up dunked in the river when the termites finished with the plank of wood.

By this stage, Virula was leading Athena through the obstacle course.

"Left, right, duck, jump, duck, duck, right, left, jump and right, left, duck, left, right, left, left, duck, right-wait, I MEAN LEF-"

Athena thudded into a Hunter. Said Hunter then roared and beat her unconscious.

Whose bright idea was it to let the ten year old attempt to join a dangerous group? Hunter's could kill Spartans; imagine what one could do to a ten year old girl.

Of course, this pissed off Virula, who proceeded to show surprising skill in making the Hunter run into obstacles. The Hunter roared at him.

"Yeah, fuck you too, asshole." Muttered Virula.

Rotiart, having beaten his Hunter, was running away as fast as possible. Coward. Taylor was yelling at Mapmup- who had made it around the course, to the door they were about to go through- about getting some medics for Athena, who was:

A] Bleeding

B] Unconscious, and

C] Half-dead.

Seriously, Athena got off pretty easy.

James, on the other hand, was already pissed off, and had stolen Mapmup's pistol to deal with the Hunter. Despite the 'No-killing' rule.

Yeah, who gives a fuck.

Once James had the rampaging Hunters attention, Virula started ripping some of the small orange worm thingy's out of its back. Once it turned to deal with him, James shot it. This repeated, until the Hunter had been successfully slaughtered.

Virula instantly went to make sure Athena was okay. James turned to yell at Mapmup. Taylor came out of a door with a flamethrower. No-one could later say where she got that flamethrower from, but she was a little disappointed she couldn't use it.

Of course, the test's had to continue. So, while Mapmup got demoted and an Elite carried Athena into the hospital area, the other four had followed a different Elite- my good friend Silva Jamak- lead Virula, Taylor, James and Rotiart into the next room.

Just so you don't worry, Athena recovers, and is given a job designing new anti-Sue weapons.

Also, does anyone notice the little thing down the bottom? It looks authorese. Maybe one of your fanfiction authors is writing the message, and posting my work on your site. If so, I might just introduce them to my MAC cannon.

...

Oh crap, the narrator wants to kill me. But, technically, the C in MAC stands for 'cannon', so the author just repeated herself there.

Anyway: REVIEW!

5. Necessary Info-Dump: Mary Sue's

Hi. Back. Let's see what the Suehunters are doing now.

...

The trainee's walked into an oddly familiar classroom.

"This is the classroom from 'The Simpsons.'" Pointed out Taylor.

"Correct." Nodded Silva.

James seemed to be strutting. Yeah, that's more like James. Strutting, being far too over-confident, showing off.

"Where did you run off to, Rotiart?" Asked James.

"I'm from one of the magic fandoms." Replied Rotiart. "Even an idiot with magic potential would have been able to sense the mind-control spell on that Hunter. I was merely trying to locate the source."

"And?"

"It came from outside the base. The only beings with that much power that would want to kill us are the Sue's."

Huh. I guess he's not a coward.

Yet.

Bwahaha, I'm dropping foreshadowing that may not even be real. I love the sudden feeling of intense hatred I'm getting.

"Wait, that hunter was controlled by a Sue?" Asked Virula.

"Seems so."

Virula stared at the ground for a minute before turning to Silva.

"What was its name?"

"Huh?"

"The Hunter. What was its name?"

"Hunter's don't have names. They're made up of a colony of small orange worms."

"Then what was the colony called?"

There was a pause.

"Sahcra. The colony was called Sahcra."

Virula nodded, and activated some sort of device on his wrist. Silva, being familiar with most Sci-Fi fandoms, instantly recognised it as an Omni-tool from the Mass Effect fandom.

"What the fuck are you doing?" Asked James.

"Recording the name. I killed it; I should at least remember it."

"What else do you have on there?"

"Just some notes on biotics and a reminder not to trust little cat-dog-weasel things that offer to grant your wish."

"Good idea." Noted Taylor, looking at the gem on her necklace.

Bwahahahahahahahahahahaha haha, more possibly fake foreshadowing. I love my job!

"Now, before I start lecturing you on Sue stuff, just a quick question: James, when you were firing that pistol, was there any recoil."

"Nope!" Replied the smug bastard.

"It seems you run off Law of Reverse Recoil." Noted Silva. "You don't get recoil from pistols, shotguns or machine guns, like you should, but rocket launchers, which should have no recoil, could break your arm."

"I thought it had to do with these guns." Claimed James, flexing his muscles. There was a thud.

"Hey, guys?" Asked Rotiart. "I think Taylor fainted."

"That happens sometimes." Said James.

You know what else happens sometimes? My high-powered death beam taking off the heads of overly-smug assholes.

About five minutes later, Taylor regained consciousness, and Silva began the lesson.

"Mary Sue's are human-ish, but very... Perfect. Too perfect. No flaws, no failures, no nothing. Makes for a bad story. And given that fandom exists for stories, this is very, very bad."

"How are they killable, if their perfect?" Asked Virula.

"Simple If Mary Sue's are the essence of a bad story, then what is used to counter-act them, but a good plot! Funny stories have Epic failures you can use against the Sue's. Dramatic stories have last words, last kisses, so on so on, which can be used to kill Sue's. However, stronger Sue's can... Resist these plots. The Sue Queen, most powerful Sue ever, practically re-writes plot. We can also weaponise plot. The Reality weapons are created due to plot, and plot barriers are unbreakable unless the story would be better if they broke."

Wow, wall of text.

"We don't only rely on plot powers, though. We use conventional stuff to try and resist plot. We have Essence of Sue, an highly addictive substance that grants plot-breaker powers, but has the cost of potentially turning the user into a Sue themselves, if they overdose."

Yeah. That won't at all be important later on.

:D

"But enough about that. You guys won't be sent to deal with full-out Sue's straight away. Most likely, you'll be up against relatively good characters becoming Sue's or Priority Level 9 Sue's at most. You know, the ones that have to obey plot."

I'm just going to fast-forward the hour of the conversation, which somehow turns into an argument over whether Rabbits or Ducks are better.

Seriously, everyone knows the answer is ducks.

"BACK ON TOPIC!" Roared Silva. Then he took a few breaths, and began speaking normally again.

"This is about Mary Sue's, not Rabbits and Ducks. If you want to talk about those animals, go join the Bugs Bunny vs. Daffy Duck debate. Any questions?"

Rotiart spoke up. "Is there any such thing as a male Mary

Sue?"

Surprisingly, it was Taylor who answered.

"Yes. They're called Marty Stu's or Gary Stu's sometimes. They are far, far worse than normal Sue's."

That's odd. Taylor sounded... serious for a second.

Then again, given her past, it's not so surprising.

"Okay... How did the name 'Mary Sue' come about?" Asked Virula.

"Funny story: A long time ago, in the Star Trek fandom, there was a Parody of a self-insert fanfiction."

Okay, I better explain how self-insert fanfictions work. The character being inserted is still fictional. Just because they are a copy of the author [or how the author wants to be], this fact doesn't change. The only reason self-inserts are noteworthy is that they have some memories of the author/the "Real World."

Now back to explaining the name Mary Sue...

"This self-insert parodied the fact that self-inserts at the time were perfect. SO it created an obviously over-perfect parody character whose name became the term we use today: Mary Sue."

A bell started ringing. Silva sighed.

"Class dismissed. You'd better be ready for training."

Warning, authorese below. Still can't read what this author seems to be saying. I think it had something to do with vengeance and Taylor's backstory.

...

There. Necessary Info-dump on Mary Sue's complete. There will be more, such a Suehunter operations and noteworthy OC's.

Just a note, when this fic starts crossing over with some other fandoms, I'll try not to do too many spoilers. Like, if I cross over with Skulduggery Pleasant, I won't spoil the Wham Line at the end of book 4. And I'll probably leave PMMM alone altogether, seeing as practically every episode is a Wham Episode.

End
file.